THE PLOTTING LEVITE

To the Tune of *Lille Bullero*, &c.

I.

WITH a handful of Sorrow and Grief I am (drawn
To tell you the truth of the Parsons at (Land,
And a new swearing Brood not in Buff but in Lawn,
The humble Devotants to *Lewis le Grand*,
Conscience, Conscience, nothing but Conscience,
Nothing but Conscience made them forbear,
Nothing but Conscience, nothing but Conscience,
Nothing but Conscience made them forswear.

II.

A Council of Six, all pious and good,
Jure Divino every one,
For Popery, Plotting, Sedition and Blood;
And praying devoutly, as right as a Gun;
Conscience, Conscience, nothing but Conscience,
Nothing but Conscience made them to plot,
Nothing but Conscience, nothing but Conscience,
Honour and Loyalty they had forgot.

III.

Like the Prophets of old, so they do annoint,
Their sanctified Fingers are laid to the Work,
With *Jure Divino* in every Joynt,
'Tis all one to them, be he Christian or Turk;
Reason, Reason, nothing but Reason,
Nothing but Reason they would be at,
Nothing but Reason, nothing but Reason,
Non-swearing Parsons would bubble the State.

IV.

To bring in the *French*, whom now they adore,
Most piously they combin'd in a Plot,
To murther the King that sav'd them before,
A Villany sure that will ne're be forgot;
Treason, Treason, nothing but Treason,
Nothing but Treason up to the Ears,
Nothing but Treason, nothing but Treason,
Passive Obedience in Colours appears.

V.

'Twas done by a Church that never did fail
To persecute all that her Power could reach,
That hath kickt up her Heels and discover'd her (Tail,
And civilly now she hath shewn you her Breech;
Rigby, *Rigby*, *Ashton* and *Rigby*,
Ashton and *Rigby*, there it was done,
Ashton and *Rigby*, *Ashton* and *Rigby*,
The Father deserves it as well as the Son.

VI.

A few years ago, it can't be forgot,
Be certain I'll tell you no more than is true,
'Twas a damnable Sin to be found in a Plot,
As then was observ'd by some of their Crew;
Ely, *Ely*, Reverend *Ely*,
Reverend *Ely* left us i'th' lurch,
Reverd *Ely* and his grave Elders
Want *French* Dragoons to settle the Church.

VII.

Our Grave Elder Brother, the worst of the Four,
Lies close in his Den, like a Boar in the Sty,
The Blood of all *Ireland* lies at his Door,
And from the Almighty for Judgment doth cry;
Ely, *Ely*, *William* and *Ely*,
William and *Ely*, *Frank* and *Tom*,
William and *Ely*, *William* and *Ely*,
William and *Ely*, *Francis* and *John*.

VIII.

The Cut-throat Petitioners acted their Part,
And gravely kept time with the Plot and the (Crew,
They wanted a Mayor with a *Jacobite* Heart,
To murther the King when they found it would do;
Dodson, *Dodson*, *Dingo* and *Dodson*,
Dingo and *Dodson*, Coward and Fool,
Dingo and *Dodson*, *Dingo* and *Dodson*,
To bring up the Rear, will serve for a Tool.

FINIS